The
COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XL *September* 8, 1944 NUMBER 21

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THE COMMONWEAL *is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman.*

Published weekly and copyrighted 1944 in the U.S.A. by THE COMMONWEAL Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. ASHland 4-9685. Entered as second class matter February 9, 1934 at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. U.S. $5 a year. Canada and Foreign $6. Single copies 10c.

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Our Relations with Brazil

FOUR WEEKS ago, in discussing the growing alienation of Argentina, we reported nation-wide anxiety in Brazil that the United States intended to hold on to Brazilian air bases, established and operated in the interests of hemisphere defense. We reminded our readers that in the background of all Pan-American relationships lies a fear of Yankee imperialism based on the experience of the past. We knew of growing Brazilian disaffection; yet the resignation of Foreign Minister Aranha, generally believed to be the strongest friend of the United States in the Brazilian Government, came as a distinct jolt.

A paramount difficulty in fully understanding the closing by police of the Friends of America Society and the subsequently accepted resignation of Mr. Aranha, is the almost complete absence of news reaching here from Rio de Janeiro. This is not a peculiarly Brazilian phenomenon, for our newspapers are so hard put to cover all sectors of the war that their dispatches from even the capitals in this hemisphere amount to the tiniest trickle. Even so newsy an item as the banning of all meetings of the Mexican Sinarquists and the suppression of their official journals over two months ago received little if any mention at all.

Our dailies' lack of information about the Brazilian situation is therefore understandable. The only clues to the mystery are supplied by *The Christian Science Monitor, PM,* the *Chicago Daily News* and *Time,* which reports a whole series of developments that give some inkling of the present trend. Among officials recently resigning, presumably under pressure, or dismissed outright, are the following: João Alberto Lins de Barros, Economic Coordinator and staunch friend of the United States; Nelson de Melo, strongly democratic Chief of Federal Police; the Secretary of the Interior of the important State of Rio Grande do Sul, who established freedom of the press there. Besides, this, five national periodicals, all pro-democratic and pro-US, have been suppressed. When the Rio daily, *Correio da Manhã,* criticized the appointment as new Chief of Federal Police of the man held responsible for the firing into a crowd of students in São Paulo, the Government slapped on a heavy fine.

What is the meaning of all this and of the higher tariffs Brazil is imposing to protect her expanding industries? Is it largely a domestic matter, as *Time* implies, with the Vargas régime simply taking all precautions against being unseated in the election it has promised at the end of the war? There are other factors. We must not forget Brazilian rivalry with Argentina and the desire to keep pace with militarization being undertaken by the colonels' régime.

The basic reason for growing Brazilian disaffection for the United States is one of popular disillusionment. In our efforts to protect the South American bulge against a nazi expedition from Dakar, we supplied the existing Brazilian totalitarian government with every sort of weapon. Although that invasion threat has subsided we have continued to support the existing Vargas régime with every means at our disposal. This has not only aroused the fears of Argentina and precipitated a military coup in Buenos Aires on the Brazilian model, but it has also convinced a number of Brazilians—specifically those elements which are constitutional and legal minded—that the United States is squarely back of the Vargas dictatorship over the Brazilian people. Until we curtail our present support of that régime, as such, and lend every support to the nation's constitutional elements, President Vargas can continue to capitalize on our growing unpopularity in order to strengthen his own hand.

The Railroad Anti-Trust Case

THE FILING of an anti-trust suit by the Department of Justice against a large group of American railroads, railroad officials and associa-

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tions is on its face a specimen of the dubious action which has brought the New Deal into disrepute and weakened public confidence in this Administration's capacity to mold the nation's destiny. Here the case is crystal clear. For many years our railroad system has been under the general supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Hence final responsibility for whatever the railroads do rests with a government agency, the ICC, which is particularly charged with preventing improper consolidations but encouraging coordination for efficiency. No matter what the facts may be in the case, the Department of Justice makes itself ridiculous, then, when it brings an action against the railroads. If an abusive restraint of trade exists, then the ICC is to blame, and a different remedy is at hand—the simple one of calling that agency to task for non-feasance. The only result of the suit brought by the Attorney General is further to embitter a hard-pressed group of businessmen, the first in the country ever to have come to a *modus vivendi* with government regulation.

The Political Action Committee

THE CIO-PAC brings tears of rage to the eyes of a certain type of American, and judgment concerning it is usually based upon complete misunderstanding of how our society operates. Organized labor has always needed certain things from government, precisely as any other group in our people needs them. It has obtained them in the past by the means traditional with us—lobbying, campaign contributions and the public endorsement—or repudiation—of candidates nominated by the political parties. After years of use these means were particularly crowned with success during the first and second terms of the present Administration, when the wind blew favorably to labor anyway. Then a reaction set in.

In our country the key means of the three for bringing political pressure is the campaign contribution. A mere endorsement of a candidacy means very little. Victory at the polls generally comes from the organization and hard work of a candidate's rank-and-file door-bell-pushers, and the effectiveness of what they do vitally depends upon the existence of campaign funds. On controversial issues, lobbying also is effective only when the lobbyist is known to be able to bring pressure to bear back home, and in the last analysis the commonest form such pressure takes is the campaign contribution. If, therefore, a social group can be prevented from contributing to political campaign funds, its ability to apply political pressure is tremendously impaired. With business this is impractical, for legislation preventing corporate gifts is simply evaded by gifts from wealthy individuals representing the same interests. But similar legislation applied to labor unions is another matter. It cannot be evaded, since small individual gifts are not of practical consequence as a substitute for large gifts from union treasuries. (Mr. Hillman's testimony before the House Committee on Campaign Expenditures shows how miserably the PAC has failed in its efforts to raise a large budget by one dollar contributions from the CIO membership.) Thus when the Smith-Connally Act forbidding union contributions to campaign funds in federal elections became law, labor saw its power as a pressure group vitally wounded. The practical result was obvious. For months labor's influence in Congress has not succeeded in obtaining the passage of a single controversial bill labor has wanted.

The result of all this is the PAC—an attempt to substitute for money contributions the time and effort of the rank and file acting as door-bell pushers for approved candidates. This is, of course, a radical departure in American political life, though similar techniques have often been used locally, especially in small communities, as a grass-roots method of exacting pressure.

Naturally howls of rage are heard in the land, especially from those who thought they had scotched and killed the snake. One may deplore the selection of Mr. Hillman to head up the PAC, but one wagers that if the experiment is a success, not only the CIO will act accordingly, but the AFL and the railway brotherhoods as well. If it fails, labor will be on the lookout for other means to make itself felt as a power in our community. And that is why such effusions as Mr. William E. Mullins's "I Object to Any Union in Politics" in the current *Reader's Digest* are simply beside the point.

Bulletin on Japanese Americans

THE WAR DEPARTMENT and the War Relocation Authority of the Department of the Interior have just released statistics on the record of American troops of Japanese descent at present fighting in Italy. There are some 5,000 of them, principally banded together in the 100th Infantry Battalion and the 442nd Regimental Combat Team, the former being a part of the latter. The 100th Battalion has received a War Department Distinguished Unit citation. Its soldiers have been awarded more than 1,000 Purple Heats, 44 Silver Stars, 31 Bronze Stars and 3 Legion of Merit medals. Fifteen of this Battalion's officers have been awarded commissions on the field of battle. There has never been an instance of desertion or absence without leave in this unit. One may heartily regret that the Army saw fit to segregate these citizens in units of their own, yet one unexpected and happy result is to make available to us these statistics of bravery.

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Paris

IT IS going to be just as difficult when the armistice comes; it is going to be just as difficult that week for a man working on a paper to write anything at all that week in any paper, to write any commentary. Later, perhaps. But at the time it will be very difficult. As difficult as it is now to write anything about Paris. There is a tank in front of Notre Dame; the Doriot people have started shooting; there was the broadcast from the BBC man and you could hear the shooting; a child is hiding in front of the tank, she is lying on her side with her back turned to the camera; she has bare, long legs—or else it is the tree; there is a tree in the photograph, or else it is the bench in the square; there is a bench in the photograph. You look at the child, the tree, the bench. Only it is difficult to say anything.

In New York the news came, and a meeting was organized in Rockefeller Plaza; they sang the Marseillaise, a man sang the song of the Resistance Movement, and it was all right to be there, it was all right to have a meeting organized and a few speeches; there were some French sailors there, and the French flag; it was all right if you happened to be there, because of the Marseillaise and because there were Frenchmen there talking together. There are always people who will organize a meeting at the right moment but of course after it is all over there is the city still there, the cabs going to the theaters, the cabs coming back from the theaters, and then the night; the man in the sweater dressing the mannequins in the shop windows, the policeman standing in the doorway of the Fifth Avenue Bank. In Lord and Taylor's they had taken all the dresses out of the windows and they showed enormous blown up photographs of Paris. There was a photograph taken from the steps of the Stock Exchange. In the foreground three men stood in the vespasienne; then the buses, taxis, delivery wagons, a newpaper truck with bundles of newspapers for the vendors standing to take them, a man on a bicycle with a bundle of newspapers in front of the Café des Finances, motionless with the arrested traffic in the long street between the apartment houses. There was a painting of the Place de la Concorde and in the next window the Statue of Liberty. Below Thirty-Fourth Street, Fifth Avenue was empty and dark and there was nothing about Paris in any of the shop windows. So that when there was no meeting and nothing more in the shop windows there was only the news that Paris was free and of course some people know Paris or Rome or London and some people do not, so that the news about Paris would be personal or not; abstract, or political, or personal.

It has been this way all through the war. There has been Britain and the Empire, there have been the Jews, the Poles, the Greeks suffering, tortured, famished. Statistically. Or else it would be the house at the Cap d'Antibes with the family dispersed now because they are Jewish and the girl has been taken to the concentration camp in Poland. Or else it would be the house in London facing the Park where Howard had his drafting board which is a house among the seventeen thousand houses destroyed in a month. Nothing to do with the British Empire. Or else it would be Ludovico who would take his woolen bear to bed with him, talking to him and telling us that the bear wanted to go for a walk in the Pincio gardens at once as soon as morning came, it would be Ludovico in the farm above Frascati watching the bombs fall in Frascati the morning of the third raid when the town was razed to the ground. It would be fascism or else it would be the boy Ludovico. It is always that way, so that you can talk about the events of the war impersonally or else that is impossible.

Disaster and triumph are abstract words. When the Germans came into France there was no conversation between the desolate French on the roads. The writing and the talk came later. Now after the French in Paris have triumphed and now after the tears and the bravos, there still are silent people in all the rooms of the city and it is their silence which requires our own.

So that the silent photographs are the things we have in America through which we may be near to the French in Paris. The French rose against the Germans and there is all the agitation of the street and the American troops have entered Paris with the French cheering them. But we who are not in Paris must return to Paris by devious ways. The photographs are filled with disorders of the moment, the tanks, the generals, the crowds. But in the background there are the buildings which used to be on the picture postcards, the Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame, the Opera House, and the little girl with the long bare legs hiding behind the tank is the child who also used to be on the picture postcard which showed the Flower Market. She would be standing there looking at the camera because she happened to be there when the man took the picture. The only way to be in Paris is to look at the pictures, remember the pictures, the most banal pictures. There would be that picture sold everywhere to the young and romantic, of the young girl's death mask who drowned herself in the Seine. Because there is not only the silence and the serenity of death, there may be the same half smile, the same remoteness in the living who look out now over Paris as the dawn arises.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Italian Problems

One year after the armistice

Luigi Sturzo

ON JULY 27 the American press reported that the British government had taken the initiative of a "provisional peace" with Italy, postponing the territorial questions and those of war indemnities to the "final peace." This news has been indirectly confirmed, since the writer made it an object of one of his broadcasts to Italy and the American authorities did not object to it.

We do not know how such a proposition failed to materialize; some rumors have reached me which I refused to make public because in my opinion they have no sufficient ground. Others are more consoling. There is no doubt that in London as well as in Washington there has been a feeling of uneasiness at having delayed so long in giving Italy a provisional systematization; the authorities are still unable to find the way of breaking the mesh of provisions which paralyze Italian life and Allied good-will alike.

I am not going to repeat what Mrs. Anne O'Hare McCormick clearly and cleverly stated in the New York *Times* about the asphyxiating bureaucracy spread by the Anglo-Americans all over Italy, even as far as the smallest village. The causes of such a complicated situation are numerous. First among them is the conviction that in Italy would be found a chaos, that the English and Americans would be compelled to remake everything from the beginning and even to instruct the people in the elements of administrating a town or a bank, show them how to teach school, how to till the soil, to control a machine, to heal the sick.

In addition to that, there was the suspicion that since Italians were an enemy people they were to be kept under strict surveillance in order to protect the interests of the war that the Allies are waging on Italian soil. Newspaper correspondents, from time to time, have reminded Italians that they are a vanquished people bound to bear the burden of their own faults.

On the American side, on the other hand, there was a will to assist this "apathetic and hostile" country, this "miserable" people which was not able to oust Mussolini and the fascists except under the "salutary" effects of bombardments. Thus officers, agencies, controls multiplied; there even arose an "office of psychological welfare" which is something in typically American style. In the name of such an office the Democratic Christian Party was denied the permission of publishing a daily in Naples while the same permission was granted to the Socialist and Communist Parties. Psychological mysteries, indeed.

The American public believes that the AMG (Allied Military Government) gave a free hand to the Italian government in the administration of the provinces passed under its rule, but the truth is that the Italian government cannot take any initiative whatsoever even among its own personnel. It cannot appoint a province prefect or even a finance inspector without the allies' visa.

In brief, the country is in full chaos notwithstanding all the good will of the Allies' chiefs and of the heads of the administration in Italy, either generals or colonels, combatants or noncombatants, and in spite of the fact that men of experienced worth and righteous will are placed at the head of government departments.

In order that my criticism may not appear unfair I want to add that the AMG in the fighting zones during the invasion has performed a great deal of good work in providing for the sanitation and feeding of the country, even at the sacrifice of its own men. But emergency and auxiliary help as a complementary activity on one side and the substituting of oneself for the local authorities with the consequent paralyzing of their activities on the other are two different things.

After a full year, it is a duty and an imperative to recognize such truths and take the necessary steps.

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A question arises at this point: what could the Italian government do if allowed to take some initiative for national reconstruction? Owing to the financial conditions of the state, we think very little unless the Allies come to meet the needs of the country.

So far they have not been doing so and Mrs. McCormick has repeated twice that "the Charter of the Allied Control Commission, which is the final administrative authority, permits no rehabilitation work but only measures 'to keep order behind the lines.' Yet practically every such

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measure has immediate political effects." Thus all Allied expenses are for such "measures."

Rehabilitation could be undertaken by the Italian government either alone or in conjunction with the UNRRA or by the UNRRA alone. In the first assembly of the UNRRA, enemy countries were excluded from the rehabilitation and it was decided that in the case of an intervention of the UNRRA in such countries the full expense must be undergone by these countries themselves. This month the UNRRA assembly will meet again at Montreal for a final decision on the matter. Italy, despite the armistice and the co-belligerency, is still considered an enemy country in connection with the rehabilitation program. If the expenses which the UNRRA is going to make on its own initiative should weigh on Italy, the result would be that the rehabilitation will be more expensive (at least three times as much), will take longer and will have dubious effects. The possibility is not to be excluded that some particular interests (no matter whether American or Italian or English or Russian) may give the rehabilitation an orientation toward certain industries rather than others, and not always in the real interest of the people.

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To this we may add that if the rehabilitation is promoted by the Italian government, the criteria, the directions and the practical realizations will be under the control of public opinion. Whereas if promoted by UNRRA there will be no control either Italian or American or English. The former for the lack of authority because of the nature of foreign intervention, the latter because of the difficulties of distance, and the fact that correspondents of foreign newspapers are not the best qualified people for such control; and, after all, most serious problems will agitate the post-war world so as to keep American opinion (and other allies) very busy and troubled, to the point that it could not concern itself with Italy. Just so, today it would be much to demand of the average American that he busy himself with Italy's and other small countries' affairs.

To sum up, we have already lost one full year as far as the rehabilitation of liberated Italy is concerned. Only a single region got something better, Sicily, where the English have stimulated the production of sulphur, commerce in oranges and lemons and the industries based on lemon products and other fruits, in order to make use of them for civil and military purposes. We can say the same for the reactivation of harbors, especially that of Naples and Leghorn, of some railway zones and other public service works such as water and electricity. For the rest, only paralysis all round, thanks to the shortage of raw materials, transportation and money.

A group of American progressives and liberals and the Italo-American communities for some months have urged the Washington Administration to have the Lend-Lease Act applied to Italy, and this for the sake of America herself. Representative Vito Marcantonio conveyed such a proposition to the proper committee of the House and the usual procedure for such initiatives was started. The Bonomi government had already requested the extension of the Lend-Lease Act to Italy in the month of June. The writer knows that "the State Department has given careful thought to this and other possible solutions to Italy's most pressing economic problems."

Italians insist on the application of Lend-Lease for a most important reason, both from a psychological and political viewpoint. Italians, who in the majority never were fascists or wanted the war, had been eager to share with the Allies in ousting Germans from their country by every means possible. Then they accepted co-belligerency and approved the declaration of war on Germany. But with the exception of the fleet, the Italians were granted a very limited number of troops and a daring but small group of aviators who now are fighting on the front line. The Lend-Lease Act, while helping the utilization of all local industries for the war effort, can give Italy the armaments necessary to modern warfare, armaments which were completely lacking on the day of the armistice. This could have been of great avail; Italians, especially those trained in mountain warfare, could have been of precious help on the hard zones of the Appenines where the Allied army was quite unprepared and had to waste eight months between Naples and Rome.

Let nobody think that due to the Allied victories in France we are at the end of the war; nor let anybody think that Japan will be vanquished in a few weeks. Italian troops will be of great avail in Italy, in Germany or in China, if necessary. Still to hold prisoner more than half a million Italians scattered all over the world is to do wrong to Italy as well as to America and to Great Britain which, willy-nilly, are sacrificing to a policy of half-measures and mistrusts not a few of their own youths who could and can still be spared with Italian help. After the armistice and co-belligerency, the Italian prisoners were no longer subject to the Geneva Convention. Consequently they could serve not only as auxiliary units but also as regular fighting corps, or they could be returned to their native country.

Let us turn back to the economic problems of Italy which, I think, should concern Americans more than other countries.

Among many provisions decided upon and carried out with full lack of comprehension of the situation was that of the so-called occupation currency, which was rated at one hundred liras for

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one occupation "dollar." It was said that the fascist lira was worth less than an American cent, and the test was made in black markets of neutral countries such as Portugal, Spain and Switzerland. The only thing which was overlooked (and this was the most important thing) was the relationship of the Italian lira, at the moment of the Allied occupation, to market prices, especially those of goods of prime necessity, and the relationship between wages and the prices of goods. Hence the terrific crisis which followed the occupation: on one hand, the sudden devaluation from 20 to 100, on the other the monetary inflation due to the issuance of a new currency in enormous quantities. The worker who with 15 liras a day before the invasion could afford food for his children, was to wait three, four, five months to get 50 or 60 liras which are not sufficient, while, of course, goods became scarcer and black markets sprang up in appalling numbers. If one reflects that in one year of occupation the Allies have added to the already fascist and post-fascist monetary inflation more than twenty billion liras of occupation dollars (if the figures I have at hand are correct), it is easy to understand how vast is the social unbalance which has been created in Italy during this past year and what inevitable consequences we must endure. The most serious of all will be the proletarizing of the middle and lower classes which live on small incomes or pensions, and of all the lesser categories of white collar workers and provincial professional men—in short, of those classes which form the backbone of a civilized country. Such a policy throws all these people into the most squalid poverty and makes them either neo-fascists or communists who dream of setting up and improving their position with national or social revolutions.

A clever American who has been in Italy during this past year wrote the following words some days ago: "From the hesitation or refusal to grant Italy a status as an ally, I conclude that we are not going to assist her overmuch. If Italy goes communist it is not going to be because the Italians wanted to be communists, but because America and England weren't interested in helping her to become democratic and Christian. The internal structure and orientation of Italy is dependent upon her foreign policy and her foreign policy is determined by what England and America do, as opposed to what they and their leaders say."

Mr. Churchill has been in Rome. He has seen the Pope, the Lieutenant of the King, Prime Minister Bonomi and even other members of the Italian Government. He had promised in his speech to the House of Commons to increase the Italian military contribution. Through the Foreign Office, he had already taken the initiative of dropping the armistice terms which are still kept secret, thus putting a weapon in the hands of Hitler and Mussolini (those published in Germany and in North Italy seem to be a forgery). Perhaps now Churchill can tell Washington that the time to go on has arrived.

According to some rumors, Mr. Roosevelt will probably make some important declaration on the future of Italy on the first anniversary of the armistice. Hope is our consolation and our duty. The Allies have come as liberators. They promised to give back to Italy the place which belongs to her in the family of nations. Is this hoping against hope?

The City

Dorothy Donnelly

THE THRUSH'S song spills over the fragrant fields, announcing the return of the green magic of the spring. In the city, too, whose air likewise bears the bouquet of young leaves, small voices are heard in the pauses of the metropolitan clamor. The dove murmurs from its twig of stone: the sparrow gossips from a wire. At home under the swift wheels the sparrow and the dove, picking their way with delicate feet, move in animal serenity, unperturbed by the superficiality of concrete. There as anywhere they seek and find the crust secured for them by the providential hand.

From a high window one sees the city outspread, rooted deep below, rising and branching. like a wide orchard breaking into flower.

The city at morning reflects pink-gold radiance and flows in the light like a golden tide; at noon it is like a bell, vibrant, rich and full; at sunset it burns, a bush all steeped in fire. And at night the city is black and flowered with lamps; it is veiled like the face of an Arab woman. Through all these diurnal phases the sound of many voices rises in an ascending song, a rich song, sad and gay, full of joy and of sorrow, a harmony punctuated with dissonances.

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Above the green fields and the hedges the lark soars and the hawk sails, while over acres of chimneys the pink and the white doves wheel on bright wings in the golden air.

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The shell of a city enlarges gradually and proportionately like the growing shell of a living creature. Occasionally, by the intuition of the eye, if not by the exercise of thought, men have built these city-shells into the nature scene as intimately and unobtrusively as ferns are fitted into the crevices of rocks, or as a nest is molded into a treescape.

Sometimes a little city forms in the hollow of a hill, like a nest in a niche, in the center the tall mother with the crest of a cross upon her head, and gathered at her feet the red-thatched little ones. The ancient cliff city is cached like a honeycomb in a wall of rock. Under the Arabian sun the white, sheer, lattice-windowed houses are set like an isle of pearl in the burning sand. And beneath a sky of blue a lyrical, pink-palaced city, lying in horizontal planes on the flat shore, is water-colored in the sea.

Beautiful and natural as flowers blossom the cities of men.

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The city grows. It attracts men as a fire attracts those who are cold and as the wind-diffused fragrance draws the desirous bee. Men see it wonderful in the distance, like a candlestick full of lighted candles burning in a window, like a wall set with a mysterious gate.

They are eager to enter and have their dwelling even at the crowded edges, to be a part of this multifarious cluster, bound together by the thong of hope. The city presents itself to them as an architecture of possibility, a structure, that is, where the possible is actualized in numerous and promising angles of conjunction.

In time, out of the clash and shock of thought, out of the fire of human action in this maze of life, in this subtle labyrinth, comes, tempered and keen, the refined and sharpened edge of civilization, piercing and exposing the secret words, the hidden news of reality. Out of the conflict and concord of many minds, out of the clash and coincidence of personalities comes into being an urbane attitude and quality of living, gracious, like patina on copper, like sun on stone, like light on a picture.

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When Genevieve, like another Juliet, from her balcony looked down on Paris in the darkened night, she discerned the dim shapes of the clustered nests of stone, acre upon acre, lined and crosslined, fastened end to end with the lacings of avenues. She saw, as Christ sees, through the darkness with the eye of love. She held the city in the circumference of her eye; she held it in the palm of her hand; she felt the beating of its pulse. She saw it compact like a city of bees which move to and from the hive on invisible paths, or like the city of suns, the solar system, embodied by its vast stretches of interstellar avenues. She saw it veined into one with a common longing.

Like a hibernating creature which opens its eyes upon the impact of the spring sun, the dormant desire of the spirit sometimes rouses, impelled by a sudden ray of light illuminating a hitherto unnoticed detail of the customary scene. Often enough, and appropriately enough, it is an architectural detail which is brought into focus: a spire cutting like an arrow into a yellow skyscape, or a white chimney in the light, or a stone arch bridging the air, or the steep angle of a roof, or the solidity of a square tower.

Or it may be another sort of architectural fragment: a lifted hand, or the bent leg of a dancer, or a diver's body, poised and tense, held by its toes only to the quivering board, or the suddenly reared head of a circus horse, its sculptured mass accented by a flash of ruby in the coarse mane, or a silver ribbon against the dark skin.

Such an architectural image as the head of a horse in a circus serves man, by illustrating for a moment in time, a possible beauty, much as the head of a horse in a Greek frieze divulges a secret of the possible for a somewhat longer moment. It is architecture, whose function is to divulge some of the secret of spaces, which appropriately expresses the shape of the city.

Two distinctively urban types of architecture are the evanescent architecture of the circus and the permanent architecture of the cathedral. They are typical art-forms of the city, drawing people together in space and focusing them in one experience, offering to those who do not read poetry a poetic experience, providing key moments for all who live in a locked world. These moments, in which men come nearer to the reality present in the depths of experience, draw them, out of their petty, rachitic architecture of lath and plaster, out of the narrow limits of personal constructions, away from the awkward hobbies of awkward amateurs, into the brilliant, finished performance of skill and grace in the circus, into the noble spatial areas of the cathedral. For a moment they are drawn out of their wretchedness, or at least out of their indifference, their lukewarmness, their compromise with exigency.

And the moment itself! So much is compressed into that single climacteric moment, that moment, for example, when with the eyes of fifty thousand people focused on him a man is about to walk into the air, to walk on a wire to the very top of the enormous tent. Compressed into the performance of this moment is the effect of a lifetime of physical energy and the energy of the will, directed by the secret ambition of the heart. The muscles are ready, the brain is ready, the nerves are ready; the moment is at hand.

And to provide the décor of that moment there has been traffic over the whole world: Africa has

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yielded up its lions, and the ocean its seals, the continents their fabrics, and the islands their dyes. The moment is at hand. A flourish of trumpets and a roll of drums, as at the entrance of a king, sounds through the great enclosure, over the weathered canvas walls, the bowl-shaped mass of the spectators, the three central circles, the dangling fret of ropes and ladders where the evanescent structure, in a kind of plane architecture, forms and dissolves at will like a platoon of birds.

The animals, appropriate symbols of mystery, are scattered over the three rings, three rings of magic, and wait, immobile. The great Bengal cat and the white bear of the Arctic are still as stone in the same narrow space, and the dark panther is poised on its slender perch. And at the edge the elephants stand, a rim of wrinkled hills.

The confident actor steps forward, begins to move slowly, precisely upward; holds out his colored parasol as lightly as if it were a flower. All eyes follow him; the muscles of all are taut. He steps forward with supreme grace, he moves, still slowly, upward and upward, at each point of pause creating a phrase in the architectural syntax. He passes the midpoint of the wire. All ascend with him toward the peak of quiet. He rises, higher and higher, high above the upturned heads, dangerously, triumphantly high; he is nearing the beautiful point of his destination. One more breathless step and he is there, the parasol now no bigger than a rose. He is poised in triumph, and all now participate in his moment of gayety and joy. He stands at last, like the eagle upon the crag or the surefooted goat upon the precipice, a sculpture of free will in the total architecture. In the freedom of the moment he pauses, then glides suddenly downward, like a bird on the path of the wind, with lovely, racing speed.

The spectators applaud. The silence resumes. The rare moment has departed like a tendril of music, but it has planted in them its germinant seed.

★

This gay, nomadic architecture vanishes, like the violets after their annual brief appearance; the cathedral remains through generations of seasons like a deeply rooted and imperishable tree. It rises in the light like a great wrought flowering bush of stone, rooted like the vine, and soaring like the bird. It is composite: solid as the rock of which it is made, fleet as the ray of light which rests upon it.

Because men are thirsty they dig a well, and because they are feeble they build a tower. Here in their midst, sprung out of the urban multitude of moods and minds, rises this battlemented cluster; men may walk about it and count its towers, and measure its strength in walls. The civilized invasion of space by the stone has yielded for them an intrepid structure; it has provided for them a shelter against mutability. It expresses in spatial terms the concept of maternity; it is a strong refuge, no more moved in the stress of circumstance than a mountain in a storm with the winds cascading harmlessly over it; it is serene as a great bird, brooding on its nest. From the well men draw water, from the wall, strength.

Over the door a sculptured angel, smiling inscrutably, proffers a round, untasted fruit. It is an invitation, a beckoning to the banquet of the unknown. The chiseled smile represents a mysterious *x* in the formula of some delightful experience outside the range of present possibility.

Beyond the door, in the shuttered stillness, with the golden light sifting through the blue window, the hinted promise of transformed experience is silently repeated. Here, in the depth of this vaulted cavern where the wall like a protective wing shuts out the glare of sight and the surf of sound, the body feels itself to grow translucent and to be dissolved in soul. Here in an instant the experience of a lifetime is gathered up into one focal point. All the broken edges and raw surfaces, the glitterings and shavings, the shreddings and chippings and peelings of the veneer, the unsatisfying fragments, the disjointed particles of daily activity shrink to a flake of ash and fall away. The residue of reality is concentrated in an eye of light. This eye in a moment of penetrating joy perceives a spiritual window to open upon a shining vista.

The swift experience of illumination like a candle suddenly lighted has been made possible by an architectural term. The silent and vaulted depth of that great cope of stone, heaped by the play of a million muscles and the labor of many minds, those massive, rising walls have created an enclosure capable of arousing a momentary experience as tenuous, as subtle, and as real as a ray of light.

★

Christ standing on the parapet of the world, in that moment when the devil tried to inveigle Him into a usurer's lust of the power and the glory of the kingdoms, gazed down upon the flowerlike cities with the single love of the parent for the child and of the bridegroom for the bride.

He looks down upon His children in their tents and towers. "See," He says, looking in at the circus door, "how they love my elephants. They cannot bear to leave them in Africa." And from the towers, leaping in the morning sun, He smells a sweet savor: "Behold," He says, "the smell of incense rising from Chartres which I had planted in Arabia."

Perhaps there has been, once or twice, the actualization of a possible pure commerce in a

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gay and joyous crusade, a peaceful embarkation across the desert to bring back spices and silks for God and man, the most precious for God, and across the world through the dust and the dangers the caravans flickering like chains of gold between the jewel-shapes of the cities.

All the cities of all the ages are before the eyes of the Son of God in a moment of time, and He sees them melt at last into one pearl, the peerless bride city. The Body of Christ is the *city* of God. The new Jerusalem descends as a bride, a sweet, comely Jerusalem whose ramparts and towers are now compact of light.

To the vision of this moment the sons of men look in wonder. All is changed, they see, but nothing is lost. The beautiful is not to perish. "*Did you think that I had given you gifts only* to take them from you again?"

Here in this city are the burning counterparts of that branched and flowered bush of stone, of that blue window which was made to sieve the sun, of those luminous traceries of music, of that free gesture of grace in the circus. They live, perfected, within these cornices of light. There will be, it is clear, an endless opening of windows on endless vistas; the eternal continuance of delight is assured. Here in this glorious city of lighted lamps will be realized the imperishable joy which was promised by the apple held in the metamorphoric fingers of the stone angel.

And as he hears a word so sweet it must burn the ear, as he sees himself caught up into this lightswarmed house, the son of man cries out, in a rapture of peace, "Oh, joy unspeakable, my dwelling is in thee. Forever and ever my dwelling is in thee."

Communications

IS THIS OUR LINE

Okmulgee, Okla.

TO the Editors: Mr. Skillin's blast at the "curious new Lochinvar," Francis Stuart Campbell, and his ambitious tilting at windmills is timely and called for (August 25). Let it be allowed that his "weighty and weighted volume," "The Menace of the Herd," does carry many bright paragraphs. It has indeed whole pages, perhaps even a chapter or two of argument quite consistent with sane understanding of history. Yet in its high enterprise of pointing up and refurbishing the faults of democracy the book is, in street parlance, "old stuff." Whale away as he may, with all the advantage of his abundant travel and his mastery of several languages, and the author will add nothing new in his line to that which has been shoveled out to us the past twenty-five to forty years by Mencken and Shaw, to mention but two of the brightest of yammerers.

Democracy's faults are many, they are obvious, were obvious to "the Founding Fathers," some of whom railed and raved about them in high terms. The Great Brownson railed and raved. Writing in the time of the "disillusionment" of Pius IX, he, in his puritan-born extremism, committed himself with finality to a theory of the incompatibility of the Church and democracy. This, Mr. Campbell appears bent upon reviving and if possible enlarging.

The "ignorance of the multitude" somehow hits a mark in plausibility with some who sit around "rectory tables" contemplating the woes of the world. And thus Mr. Campbell has a vogue assured when he is able to dig out of ancient Greek his grotesque "ochlocracy" as the true definition of democracy.

So obviously as to seem all but a first purpose, the "Menace" is an engaging exhibition of the author's eminence as a traveler and scholar. Men may parade their erudition as some fools parade their moneybags. Mr. Campbell, for instance, gives us countless maxims and quotations in several languages, ancient and modern, some of them lengthy—and almost never a translation. This has especial appeal to some readers who are flattered by the assumption that of course they know what they are reading. "Erudition on Parade" would be a good subtitle for any book or article by Mr. Campbell.

Those who give the book serious attention need an antidote. For that, one should recommend the little volume recently put out by the Catholic University Press, "Better Men for Better Times." High churchmen, scholars whose scholarliness does no parading, have written this timely 40,000-word book. They handle the word *democracy* with the familiarity almost of Democrats and do not seem to be frightened at it. It can be had for one dollar sent to the Catholic University Press. It should be "must" reading for anyone who has been impressed by "The Menace of the Herd."

J. J. Moroney.

A PREFACE TO PRAYER

Chapala, Jalisco, Mexico.

TO the Editors: Excellent as are many points in A. F.'s review of Gerald Heard's "A Preface to Prayer," and indubitable as is his right to view it from a theological angle, is he not definitely stretching a point in referring to "Taoist theology"? Does not the greatness of Laotzu's philosophy lie in the fact that it sees deeper than theology?

> Existence, by nothing bred,
> Breeds everything . . .
> But where did it come from, this parent,
> Born of no other parent?

Witter Bynner.

Does not Mr. Bynner improperly limit the scope of theology?—The Editors.

OUR POST-WAR ARMED FORCES

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Already it is being said and written everywhere: "Now is the time to put over a compulsory military training system for youth. People are imbued with the war spirit. They will allow such a sys-

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tem readily. Later, it will be too late; people will be war-weary."

This is just plain horrible cynicism. It is nothing else but "emotional legislation" and the most knavish statesmanship.

If our public school system from the nursery school to the state university were properly financed in every locality of the union and properly organized under a federalized system, it could do the necessary job to prepare our youth for any military contingency of the future. There is no need for an elaborate barrack-room system outside of the school bounds.

If our friends who are anxious about our military strength in the future could spend their energy and employ their zeal on advancing the cause of public school education in every village of our country, they would assure themselves of a youth most properly prepared for the defense of world peace.

MARTIN WOLFSON.

SINARQUISM

San Francisco, Cal.

TO the Editors: The Sinarquista discussion in your pages and those of *America,* your articles on French Canada, have brought to the surface again a condition that has existed beneath the surface for some years. It is a waste of breath to call it fascism. The red party-liners call it that, but they are always wasting their breath.

The condition is simply and fundamentally a disbelief in the methods of Christ. He is regarded by many of His followers, who are rather intense about their religiosity, as impractical. They have not full faith in His methods, which are the beatitudes and the works of mercy, with the use of the lash only when the Temple, which is His Father's House, is being perverted to money changing.

Pope Leo XIII, who knew whereof he wrote, Theodore Maynard to the contrary notwithstanding, defined the issue in his letter on True and False Americanism. He said that the religious life of those consecrated by the three vows to the way of perfection was superior to that of those who did not take the vow of poverty.

That plain statement of the illustrious pontiff has not been officially denied in print, but in some quarters every subterfuge is used to disparage the religious. Now the consequence is that the beatitudes and the works of mercy are implicitly subjected to scorn, and the light is hidden under a bushel of vulgar publicity, in which reliance is placed not only on printers' ink, but also on the dubious prestige of civil political influence.

Not all religious live the beatitudes; they at least know their failure. Schism and heresy are in the making when the young do not even know the existence of the values Christ proclaimed in the Sermon on the Mount. Those who do not believe Christ was practical seek to achieve practical and quick results by reliance on money and on civil, and now union-labor, politics, as if the Church could ever match the world in marshalling votes and ciphers following the dollar sign in bank ledgers.

The so-called fascistic schemes seemed so much more direct for the regimentation of the people than the patient and convincing way of man-to-man persuasion of individual consciences. Those who cannot convert want to be able to call the police and have sirens herald their advent. The schemes did not work in Italy, France or Spain. They will fail from Quebec to Buenos Aires. Whatever they are, they are not Catholic. All they can do is to destroy the unity and produce a cleavage.

Let the false hopes continue to be nourished and some of us may live to see a Henry VIII, a Luther, or a radio mob-orator articulate open rebellion. The struggle over investitures took centuries to produce the Great Schism, and more time still to prepare the followings of the heretics of the sixteenth century. It will take time, not so long with modern communication of the false as well as of the true, but unless the light is put outside the bushel, where all men may see it and admire it, some future Gasquets and Lingards may find the origins of the great lie in our own time. The lie is a denial that the Christian relies on supernatural charity expressed through gentle courtesy, poor in spirit and not enviously revengeful of others' dignity.

GORDON O'NEILL.

The Stage & Screen

Song of Norway

WRUNG in to the strains of "Ich Liebe Dich," it is safe to say that the season has arrived with this large offering of Edwin Lester's—an operetta based on the life and music of Edvard Grieg. And I should call it honest business on the part of the producer in that his motive—cold gold surely—seems perfectly clear: if he has spared no expense in order to achieve it, he has at the same time declined any quality of pretension both in his production and its promotion. On the other hand, he has, I suggest, been middling served by the several reputable artists he has employed; although doubtless this is a natural progression in any effort of calculated mediocrity.

To detail the proceedings at the Imperial, Milton Lazarus's book slowly glosses the facts of the Norwegian composer's life, presenting him first at home in Bergen, engaged in the composition of northern melodies and engaged to a northern girl; subsequently follows him through an Italian lapse—motivated here by a mythical Italian countess; and finally returns him, through the rather mystical aid of the poet Nordraak, to the land of his birth. I thought the fiction of an extra-curricular lady in the meanderings of the composer an entirely plausible one; however, I wish Mr. Lazarus had been able to establish Grieg's determined nationalism—source of so much of his reasonable music—to something other than a vague lyrical desire. Here it is only the "Chopin of the North" we are presented in a single dimension—an excuse, I am afraid, for long stretches of mooning to music with no action at all. Although the period is almost exactly one hundred years after the publication of the "Laocoon," certainly its issues were still being fought

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with rage and excitement in the hinterlands, and I think it a pity that no reverberation of this seems to have reached Mr. Lazarus and to have reared his script into drama as well as history. The second invention—that of the introduction of Ibsen into a Copenhagen teaparty (by the way, shouldn't it be coffee?) upon some such line as . . . "Ah there you are, Grieg, I've come all this way just to see you . . ."—I should prefer not to examine.

The musical adaptation by Robert Wright and George Forrest seemed to me skillfully done; a great deal of music is used, both songs and orchestral pieces plus the A-Minor Concerto being woven into a constant pattern. The lyrics to something jigging called "Midsummer's Eve" I thought wholly foolish, and whether because of the singer—Helena Bliss as the composer's wife—or because of the arrangement, the incredible "Ich Liebe Dich" simply came and went, once or twice. On the pictorial end, Lemuel Ayers, ordinarily one of the most brilliant colorists in the business, has chosen a series of sad browns for his northern scenes, a circumstance which I find ununderstandable since surely it is the lightness of the air, the *blue* of the fjords which have always stimulated the popular imagination and should again quicken any stage representation. Nevertheless this color scale has been used throughout, Robert Davison's ensemble costumes being built of a variety of somber, small-patterned materials which, however subtle in the hand, do not animate either players or scene. For some time it has only been necessary to mention George (Goodbye) Balanchine as choreographer in order to herald perambulations rather than flight in the dance department; but here—in a grand finale when all the forces of the construction, story and music and singing and action, are geared to a perceptible crescendo—he has indeed outdone himself, offering an addled incident of a Boy With A Book which must be seen to be believed. However, with what dreary material they are offered, the Ballet Russe performs brilliantly; Danilova more precise, ambient, rapid than ever before. A belated recognition of the players must include Irra Petina who, playing the Italian Countess, is arch, competent, can sing, can move; and Lawrence Brooks, whose pleasant voice and mild romanticism suit this Grieg admirably. Sig Arno, as the Countess's husband, styled his bit with customary finesse. (*At the Imperial.*) KAPPO PHELAN.

Pease Porridge Cold

THERE'S no accounting for tastes—especially in the line of humor. Some audiences like rowdy farce; some prefer mellow joviality; some go for burlesque and satire; others laugh only at slapstick. So with this brace of new comedies, I can only suggest the lines they follow and let you select your own rib ticklers. The one thing these four pictures have in common is an absence of finesse or subtlety.

Ever since the retirement of the Marx Brothers, my favorite comedians have been Abbott and Costello. Because of the illness of Costello, this pair have not been making many movies lately. So I approached their new film with gleeful expectations; and I'm sorry to report *"In Society"* does not rank with their best, or their better or even their less good efforts. The first part of the picture provokes some really hearty laughs. The boys are plumbers with a yen to break into society because rich people have so many bathrooms. They are called in an emergency to the Van Cleve house where a costume party is going on. Of course before they fix a simple leak in the bathroom, water squirts out of every faucet and a few hidden pipes. Much to Abbott's annoyance, Costello selects this moment to wash his hands. And before the boys are really finished with the job the bedroom is also knee-deep in water, and our jolly heroes float through the room in the bathtub. So far, so good—and so funny. But most of the material in the film is too thin and the comedians have to work overtime to make something of it. There's a hilarious sequence in which Costello tries to deliver some hats to a factory and later a mildly amusing hunt that winds up with Costello holding the fox in his lap. Director Jean Yarbrough has done most of his picture as if it were a take-off on a Keystone comedy. The long chase on the fire department's hook-and-ladder wagon is right in the Keystone tradition. Besides having to work with a mediocre script, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello were surrounded by the poorest supporting cast they've had so far. "In Society" must have been designed for A & C fans; perhaps they will get more amusement than I did out of the exaggerated slapstick.

★

Carmen Miranda, also one of my favorite entertainers, plays a leading rôle in *"Greenwich Village"* and shows that she can do other things besides sing and dance. I doubt if she could play Juliet or Ophelia, but her acting is good and her mimicry is delightful. She still murders the King's English—more as a gag than a necessity—and she also slaughters the Irish brogue when she attempts to convince a cop that she's a colleen from "Countee Corks." The plot of this movie doesn't amount to much, and Director Walter Lang, realizing its limitations, doesn't work it too hard. Don Ameche, a music teacher from Kansas, lands in New York's Bohemian locale in 1922 and is mistaken for a man of wealth by William Bendix who runs a toney Village speakeasy. Don is done out of his savings by a violinist (atrociously over-acted by Felix Bressart); and before Bendix gets the money back to him we are treated to some good musical numbers. Vivian Blaine handles the songs well, and a variety of dancers including the De Marcos do the stepping. The local touches won't exactly fool people into thinking that this is really *the* Greenwich Village but for a musical comedy background it is authentic enough and complete with mementoes of the prohibition and bathtub gin era. The technicolor, though on the artificial side, is mighty pretty. And Carmen, whose specialty acts are the picture's high spots, is ravishing in one black and pink outfit. You'll be surprised to learn that Don Ameche wrote "Whispering," the picture's theme song.

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The movie version of *"The Doughgirls"* hardly comes under the classification of cinema at all. If anything, it is a filmed play. Although Director James V. Kern manages to keep his cast in a constant state of rush and excitement, the result is peculiarly static because most of the action occurs in a hotel suite. Crowded, war-time Washington is the main butt of the jokes, most of which are obvious and a few of which are funny. "The Doughgirls" also considers marriage, divorce, Russians, the Roosevelts and our government's alphabet agencies as suitable material for humor. The result is frequently in bad taste.

Director Kern and Sam Hellman have based their script on Joseph A. Field's play which had quite a run. Somehow movies, with their intimate close-ups, make the stage's vulgarities seem even more vulgar. *Doubles entendres* become triple when they're aided by the motion picture camera's over-used double takes. The plot, in case you're still interested, concerns three brides (Jane Wyman, Ann Sheridan, Alexis Smith) who discover that they're not really married to their husbands (played by Jack Carson, John Ridgely, Craig Stevens). This involves a lot of running around, mummery, wisecracks and many more people including the FBI. Eve Arden, another of my favorite comediennes, is completely wasted as a female Sergeant York (a Russian guerilla fighter) who moves into the already overcrowded suite. When one of the girls finally remarks "There must be an easier way to get married" you are likely to agree and add there must be a better source for amusement.

★

"Janie" is also a warmed-over stage play; and while Director Michael Curtiz succeeds in making something cinematic of it, neither he nor the scriptwriters manage to instil any depth into the mediocre material. The original, which told a simple tale of youthful efforts to entertain soldiers from a nearby camp, has been blown up pretentiously and embellished with slapstick. Joyce Reynolds in the title rôle proves an attractive sixteen-year older, but the film does not necessarily prove, as it sets out to, that modern youth can take care of itself. The blanket parties and the big shindig that Janie and her girl friends throw for the soldiers might well cause parents to look askance. Janie's father (overplayed by Edward Arnold) seems placated at the finale when Janie gives her touching speech on patriotic duty. Janie's mother (underplayed by Ann Harding) never seems to know what's up. And Robert Benchley, as a bachelor and president of the Chamber of Commerce, has other interests than the youth problem. Much of the dialogue is devoted to illustrating how youngsters have modernized the English language. This becomes somewhat tiresome and so does the forced humor of the various situations in which Janie and her girl friends always come out on top. As a picture of youth, "Janie" is a phony. As a comedy, I haven't the slightest idea to whom it might have any appeal whatever.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Father Price of Maryknoll*

D. H. MOSELEY

ONE OF MY earliest recollections as a little girl goes back to a bright day in North Carolina just before the end of the last century. The little girl was perched on a joggling board on a verandah looking out at the blue mountains. She named the mountains to herself: Pisgah and the Rat; Junaluska, and then, farther away, Mount Mitchell, one of the highest mountains east of the Rockies. The wind was blowing, and the child's gaze was diverted from the horizon to the trees swaying in the yard. The grownups were out, and the other children and the nurse were not around. The blue mountains were all hers, and the leaves dancing in the wind.

A man came up the verandah steps, quite an old man, almost forty. He was of medium height, stockily built, somewhat stoop-shouldered. He wore an old black suit and a Roman collar. There was nothing remarkable about him save his smile and the very blue eyes behind his steel rimmed glasses. Joggling boards, indigenous to his birthplace, Wilmington, North Carolina, held no terrors for him, and he loved children, so he and the little girl were soon deep in conversation. The mountains meant as much to him as to her; scarcely half a decade had passed since he had climbed Mount Mitchell and there offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the conversion of North Carolina; and, not long ago, he had gone to Junaluska and made a retreat on the mountain quite alone; the child had heard it said that, had not food been sent him by a woman who saw him on his way, the ravens would have had to feed him as they did Elias of old.

"What are you looking at?" he asked.

"The wind," she answered. "I like to see the wind."

"You cannot see the wind; it is invisible."

"But I do see it, Father. Can't you see it?"

"No. I see the leaves moved by the wind. . . ."

Not many years would pass before this priest would found at Maryknoll, New York, with Father James Anthony Walsh, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. To her, he was Father Price of the North Carolina missions, of Nazareth Orphanage, of the little magazine *Truth,* the first numbers of which lay on the hall table (its covers were printed in blue, like the blue of the mountains and our Lady's sash, and the child thought it the prettiest journal in the world).

"Priest Price," the country people named this caller. The little Tar Heel beside him had cause to believe that never for an instant did he forget that he was a priest. Now, very gently, he coaxed her to say the *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* for him. What heights of contemplation he enjoyed while she repeated them, none will ever know; she was not recollected, neither was she embarrassed, for this other Tar Heel was not only a fellow-Catholic, he was her friend.

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Perhaps one is never entirely satisfied with the biography of a friend; if that friend is holy, and a little singular,

*Tar Heel Apostle. John C. Murrett, M.M. Longmans. $2.50.

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one is likely to take exception to the author's treatment. But it is probable that those who knew Thomas Frederick Price best are the very ones who will read "Tar Heel Apostle" with greatest approval, for they will find him depicted as they knew him: direct, intelligent, pious, merry; gently born and always a courteous gentleman, yet a trifle uncouth; a man with a native poetical strain; a dreamer who always failed and yet always succeeded.

Few biographers in modern times have had to cope with greater difficulties, for men say of Father Price, as they do of Pope Pius X, "He was a saint." The biographer of such a man must move circumspectly: he must do nothing to distort the portrait, nothing to mould it to more seemly proportions; he must not be carried away by the picturesque and poetical, nor shirk what is grotesque and awkward. Above all, he must dare describe an interior life which, to the ordinary everyday Christian, seems exaggerated.

The subject of this biography had the simplicity characteristic of the great mystics of the Church; he took literally our Lord's words on charity, poverty, humility; he had great devotion to the Holy Eucharist, the Passion and the Blessed Virgin, and, in the last years of his life, he developed a remarkable devotion to Saint Bernadette Soubirous. It will be remembered that Bernadette said that had there been a poorer or more ignorant child than she in the world, our Lady would have chosen that child to whom to declare, "I am the Immaculate Conception." Father Price actually longed to be as humble, as lowly, as forgotten as Bernadette. It is not easy to write about such qualities for twentieth century readers. By making wise use of a mass of source material, particularly of Father Price's "daily letters to the Blessed Virgin," a sort of diary that he kept during the last ten years of his life, the author has succeeded in conveying an idea of the logical spiritual development of one whose whole ambition it was to live "hid with Christ in God." By equally wise use of Father Price's correspondence and articles, the achievements and apparent failures of his life as a missioner are recorded first-hand, while accounts of different periods of his career, written by fellow missioners and friends, are given verbatim. Artistically, the record may suffer somewhat from such generous quotation from sources, but this is doubtful, for Father Price's own style was simple and clear, and many of his friends were able writers: John Bannister Tabb, Richard Malcolm Johnston and his son Lucian, Cardinal O'Connell, Cardinal Gibbons, the Paulist, Father Walter Elliott, Josephus Daniels, and the editor of the *Field Afar,* the cofounder of Maryknoll, whose sparkling paragraphs give life to any narrative. Anyway, a nice balance has been struck, and the book radiates a warm human charm.

Numerous letters from Cardinal Gibbons are quoted. When the Cardinal was Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina, he lived in Wilmington. When Fred Price was eight years old, he was chosen to serve the Bishop's Mass at Saint Thomas's Church.

"You are not afraid to serve me, are you, my boy?" asked Bishop Gibbons.

"No, Bishop," answered Freddie. "You are the priest offering the sacrifice, and God will come to the altar at your word. My mother has taught me that. If you're not afraid, neither am I!"

A lifelong friendship began. One morning after Mass the Bishop asked Fred if he would like to go with him to Mount Olive where he was to bless a church, adding that there might not be an acolyte there who knew how to serve a bishop. Thus it happened that the young Vicar Apostolic, whose devotion to North Carolina and respect for North Carolinians as God-fearing Christians were unbounded, took the Tar Heel Apostle on his first mission. Then and there, Fred Price knew the cause to which he wanted to devote his life. Every North Carolinian must be a Catholic!

When the time came for Fred to begin to prepare for the priesthood, he started for Saint Charles College, which was then in Ellicott City, Maryland. En route from Wilmington to Baltimore, he was shipwrecked. Cardinal O'Connell, who was a student with him at Saint Charles, has described, in his "Recollections of Seventy Years," the experience as it was related to him by his friend. When the waters were whirling about the struggling boy, "Mary, the Mother of Christ, appeared before his eyes. Upon her face was a smile, and, gently stretching forth her hand, she pointed to a great floating plank." He gained the plank, and was saved. Father Price himself alludes to this in his diary, and also to his love of Mary's feasts, which, from the time he entered Saint Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, on September 12, the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary, were always his feasts, too.

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It is to Saint Mary's, perhaps, that one must look for the influences that went to the molding of Fred Price's interior life. Analyzed, his approach is curiously Gallic for an Anglo-Saxon; there is a Salesian trend in his thought, and a Vincentian charity in his deeds. The Sulpicians who trained him were, in a way, heirs to the teachings of Saint Francis de Sales and Saint Vincent de Paul, and in those teachings, Fred Price found something which satisfied his own taste for gentleness, directness and simplicity.

There was little that was French, however, about the North Carolina to which he returned in 1886 for his ordination by Bishop Harry Pinckney Northrop. The North Carolina that he knew was *sui generis,* and he, its first ordained priest—its entire native Catholic clergy, as it were—was part and parcel of it; his speech, his appearance, his friendliness were typical; and, although a legend grew up among his clerical associates in the North that he never knew what he was eating, his appetite was North Carolinian, also, usually tempted by chicken and rice and gravy and flour muffins and preserves. It required a man's strength to withstand the tax put upon him, for, after a few months in Wilmington, N. C., he was assigned to Asheville, where his parish included the whole mountainous western section of the state, and numbered about fifty souls. Scarcely acclimated, he was transferred to the low country, and given charge of various missions in the neighborhood of New Bern.

Nothing was too much trouble for Father Price, no member of a parish too insignificant for him to remember; in letters, he would name the children to whom he sent a special blessing. His priestly blessing, by the way, was something that he valued very highly; did one forget to ask for it, he would volunteer, "Now, kneel, and I will give you my blessing." Perhaps he was happiest on these country missions; certainly he felt that the effort to convert the non-Catholics in rural sections was worthwhile. "You might as well try to change the Rock of Gibraltar as

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a countryman who knows he has the truth," he wrote. "And attractive, intelligent, persistent, permanent preaching of the truth, inspired by grace, in the long run cannot but succeed." His sermons were straightforward discourses on the Gospels; if there were no Catholics, and the Protestants in a community would listen, like Cardinal Gibbons before him, he preached. His zeal, cheerfulness and grit impressed everyone, as did his recollection, which was sometimes mistaken for absentmindedness. To this day, stories about his labors abound, most of them prefaced with, "Father Price was a saint; but he was very impractical." Was he so entirely impractical? Certainly he seemed so, but he got things done, and the poor had the gospel preached to them.

It did not take the native Catholic clergy of North Carolina long to realize that one man could not convert all the Protestants in a state of such magnificent distances. The matter was put up to a veteran missioner, Father Walter Elliott of the Paulists. Father Elliott had been a Yankee soldier during the Civil War, and he was a plain speaker and a plain writer. He wrote the young missioner to sell a barrel of tar and meet him to discuss the question. To Father Price's great disappointment, he learned that the Paulists could not spare missioners for such a sparsely populated section. But he was advised to form a group of his own. One suspects that Father Price was aware of the possibility of the failure of such a project, but he worked out a plan for an Apostolate, a house of studies where young men would be trained for the North Carolina missions.

Father Price became sort of a missioner at large, and, within eight years, he founded the magazine *Truth* and not only edited it, but also did most of the writing himself: he bought a property near Raleigh, called it Nazareth, and enlisted his own sister and several other Sisters of Mercy to care for the pitiful, neglected boys whom he harbored there: and, across the road from the Orphanage, he established an Apostolate, into which he gathered youths of different ages who manifested an interest in his mission work; he hoped to send these young men to the seminary, and thus train them from boyhood through manhood for a special field.

Perhaps the Apostolate was, on its face, the most patent of Father Price's failures. Yet, on this failure was built the whole scheme of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society, with its numerous houses of study where boys are prepared for its seminary at Maryknoll, and for its missions in non-Christian lands.

Two years after the Apostolate was opened, Father Price went to Washington to the 1904 spring conference of the Catholic Missionary Union. At a previous meeting of the group, he had spoken of the Church in this country: " . . . we might be said to have no mission spirit at all. We have confined ourselves almost entirely to our own people. It was publicly thrown into our teeth, time and again, during the Chinese trouble (Boxer Rebellion), that we possessed not a single foreign missioner." Now, he was to listen to a paper, "Catholic Foreign Missions," read by Father James Anthony Walsh, director of the Boston unit of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. "While conscious of the need of priests in many parts of our own country, I believe that to send some of our young men and women to remote districts would stimulate vocations for home needs, and especially for the more remote missions of the United States." After the meeting, Father Price and Father Walsh were introduced, and, in an early issue of *Truth,* there appeared a plea for foreign missions.

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The account of the second meeting of Father Walsh and Father Price, which occurred during the Eucharistic Congress in Montreal in 1910, reads like a story. They decided that they wanted to throw in their lot together and found a seminary for the training of priests for foreign missions. Curiously enough, it was the same Yankee soldier who had suggested that Father Price finance his trip with a barrel of tar who had advised Father Walsh to quit talking about that seminary and found it himself. Possibly the two men recognized immediately that their gifts were complementary; their liking and respect for each other were instant.

It is probable that for the average reader the section of "Tar Heel Apostle" which begins with the Montreal conversation will have greater appeal than the earlier chapters. At this point, things begin to happen. The names of various prelates who were friends of both men enter the narrative, prelates who cordially endorsed the idea and offered to advance it. But, somehow, when one has read the letter that Cardinal Gibbons wrote to the Archbishops of the United States, and noted the counsel so generously given in the old Residence on Charles Street in Baltimore, there remains little doubt that it was Fred's Bishop who quietly engineered the undertaking for the altar boy who was not afraid to serve his Mass.

Bishop Haid of North Carolina agreed to free Father Price for the work if he were willing to turn over Nazareth and the Apostolate to others, and, sadly, Father Price gave up all that he held dearest. North Carolinians were appalled; they did not realize how earnestly Father Price believed that, if some of our American priests and religious went to the foreign missions, others would be inspired to risk the lesser hardships of home missions. As for him—well, the grain of wheat falling into the ground and dying in China would bring forth much fruit in North Carolina.

The final portion of this volume must have been easier to write than the beginning, for the author has had the lively chronicles of Father (later Bishop) James Anthony Walsh on which to draw. The descriptions of the journey to Rome to secure ecclesiastical approbation, of the audience with Pope Pius X, of the visits to the house of the Missions Étrangères de Paris in the Rue du Bac, and Father Price's stays at Lourdes and Nevers, make delightful reading. At Nevers, the North Carolinian asked the Mother Superior of the Convent of Saint Gildard to let him spend a night in prayer at the tomb of Bernardette Soubirous, and she consented, although he was a perfect stranger. On a later visit, the Sisters agreed that his heart might some day be buried close to Bernadette's tomb, a promise which was kept. The journey to Rome and back was not an altogether carefree one for Father Walsh, for Father Price, having turned over all his funds to the cofounder, was unconcerned with worldly affairs; he prayed hours on end, seeming to forget that there were ships and trains that did not wait as the North Carolina ones did when signaled from a distant hill. But Father Price had exactly the qualities that Father Walsh knew would be helpful in the formation of a holy and happy spirit in the new Society, and he gave way to him in most things, even consenting to let Father Price unanimously elect him Superior.

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A house was secured at Hawthorne, New York, near the Dominicans, where the two founders and Father James I. Lane of Boston spent a winter which could scarcely have been less comfortable in China—or even in North Carolina. Later a property near Ossining was purchased, and named Maryknoll. Here, eventually, the seminary of their dreams was opened. The *Field Afar* served as the Society's organ, edited by Father Walsh, while Father Price went off and gave talks on the new venture in unnumbered schools and seminaries in the East and Middle West, begging the prayers of teachers and students, and stimulating an interest in foreign mission vocations.

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The author has given a most appealing portrait of the Father Price of those days, the missioner who had completely disappeared from North Carolina, who, at his own request, was not mentioned in the *Field Afar* (to the embarrassment of the editor) but who was forever popping up in some church or school in which his Tar Heel friends might be, and telling as much about his visit to Lourdes as about the nascent Foreign Missionary Seminary. And there are charming accounts of Father Price as friend and spiritual director in the new houses of the Society. The students were quick to realize that their director was holy, and his comings and goings were duly observed. When he returned from a walk in the woods at Maryknoll with mud on the front of his cassock, they always knew that he had been kneeling at prayer.

The descriptions of this life of prayer are written with great sympathy. Father Price's interior life was so intense, so extraordinary, so filled with a sort of otherworldliness, that it was singular to say the least. His devotion to the Blessed Virgin was such as one rarely meets with. Allusion has been made to the diary which he kept in the form of daily letters to her; these are simple and natural and disarmingly matter of fact, but exceedingly ardent; one ends, "Again and again I consecrate everything to you, dearest Mother. Your own most loving but sinful son, T. F." He prayed literally all of the time. He would rise at night and slip into the chapel. In the morning, he offered Mass with greatest fervor, and made the way of the Cross after his thanksgiving. During the day, his fingers were seldom off his rosary beads unless he was writing. And yet, he had time to listen to everyone, and thought nothing of interruptions. A totally impractical person, so impractical that when the time came to send the first young missioners to China seven years after the foundation of Maryknoll, he suggested that he go with them, he who was fifty-eight years old, and had had trouble with his ears and eyes and severe rheumatism. And the practical Father Walsh, his superior, let him go.

Again, was he not wiser than those who shook their heads? The young missioners were newly ordained, quite inexperienced. They needed a spiritual father, a guide through the tedious, apparently fruitless, early days of mission life. This moved Father Price to the proposal—this and the hope that he would be martyred in China!

Needless to say, he was not martyred, but he did die, after great suffering, on September 12, 1919, after his arrival in China. By that time, the young missioners whom he had shepherded were at work in their new

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field afar, and he was no longer necessary to them. His biographer has made use of an excellent account of his last days written by a French priest who was at his deathbed, but perhaps the most significant fact related of his life in China is that the Chinese, whose language he could not master, and to whom he could address but a few words, "How are you?" and "God bless you," recognized a quality that differentiated him, and always referred to him simply as "the holy priest."

Editors' Choice

BRAZIL ON THE MARCH. *Morris Llewellyn Cooke. Whittlesey.* $3.00.

ÉLOGES AND OTHER POEMS. *St. John Perse. The French Text with English Translation by Louise Varese; Introduction by Archibald MacLeish. Norton.* $2.50.

Report of a Mission

THE UNITED STATES of Brazil has long been a loyal friend of the United States of America. When four years ago it seemed that there was great danger for both nations, we hastened to bolster the defenses of Brazil so staunchly that we had a lot to do with precipitating the colonels' régime in Argentina. At the same time, as Morris L. Cooke shows in "Brazil on the March," we have played an increasingly large part in the longer range task of enabling the Brasilenos to develop some of their vast potential of natural wealth. The prize exhibit is Volta Redonda, a steel plant costing $70,000,000, and about one-quarter financed by the Export-Import Bank (Washington).

The obstacles to industrial development have been mentioned before, but they are worth recounting. Brazil lacks power, transportation facilities, technicians, industrial plant, able-bodied workers and manpower generally. These obstacles are tremendous. Yet the lack of roads and railroads and the limited navigability of the rivers comprise one factor which may in the end prove to be an advantage. There is little vested interest to oppose full utilization of the new possibilities of transportation by glider and transport plane. On the other hand such obstacles as the distance of the principal waterfalls from centers of population, lack of a single frequency standard for the transmission of current and the absence of adequate or standardized electrical machinery and domestic appliances prove a real handicap to hydro-electric development. Brazil's grave lack of fuel—except for wood—may be remedied in time by large-scale production of industrial alcohol.

These were the sort of considerations which concerned the American Technical Mission to Brazil (1942-43) headed by Morris L. Cooke. It was a major venture in good neighborliness. It dealt both with immediate needs resulting from the war and a program of industrial development that would permanently raise the Brasilian standard of living. The book concludes with a chapter on etiquette for foreign businessmen which manifests a genuine appreciation for Brasilian ways, and it is too bad that at one point, in discussing a river valley which might be utilized along the lines of our own TVA, Mr. Cooke displays prejudice by identifying the Church with the superstition of the people. His faith in the adaptability of the unskilled laborer to modern production methods is decidedly encouraging.

To think that the forty-four million Brazilians have scarcely moved back from the narrow fringes of the far-flung eastern seaboard! Brazil, a land with a larger surface area than that of the United States and inaccessible stores of natural wealth. That is the picture which emerges from Mr. Cooke's highly factual summary of the non-agricultural economy and potentialities of this land of great rivers and impenetrable forests, of sparse wilderness and modern cities. If there ever was a nation with a future. . . .

Dark Forests

IN THE WORLD of diplomacy the author of these poems is better known under his real name which is Alexis Leger. Born in the French Antilles, he entered the French diplomatic service, attracted Briand's attention, became Secretary General of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, served with great distinction, until he was dismissed by Reynaud in the private convulsions (*cf.* Pertinax) of the French government which preceded by a month or so the fall of France. Mr. Leger then came to America, to Washington, and he is the Frenchman in America at war about whom everyone has heard—because he alone has never spoken. Or if he has spoken, it has been only to the Cabots, the Lowells and . . . and that has been all right too, because he has vast experience and as a civil servant his devotion is to France and not to political parties. Whether Mr. Leger's silence has affected also Mr. St. J. Perse we do not know. A brother diplomat, Mr. Claudel, has shown that it is sometimes very dangerous to write poetry in war time or rather to write poetry about politics in war time; he has even shown this in two wars, or in three, if you remember his utterances during the Spanish war, although it must be said that in the first war, when there were not so many political dangers, he wrote poems from Brazil which will not be forgotten.

In any case "Éloges" dates from 1911. St. J. Perse's best known work is "Anabase," translated by T. S. Eliot, and through this translation and all the comment which surrounded it and also, to a certain extent, through his own French texts, St. J. Perse has had a marked influence on the intellectual poets of our times. This influence is legitimate and it is due, probably, to what must be called the high density and economy of his work. It is appalling to use scientific words of this sort in speaking of poetry, because the image evoked is ambiguous; perhaps it is better to turn to commerce: you get a lot for your money. In a line or two of "Éloges" you get what is called thought—philosophy—by indirection and suggestion, but you also get an extraordinarily heavy, oppressed and physical impression of the hot tropical sun, the dark cool forests, the slow rivers with the heavy foliage of the trees close above the water at the river bank, the heavy, motionless, feminine divinities inexistent in the hidden retreats of the forests, and you also get the language itself, the words themselves heavy as bright stones under the heavy water with the sunlight reaching them where they lie at the bottom. The strange world of "Éloges" is the one that Rimbaud saw at a distance as a child and wrote about; it is the world he traveled to when he grew up—or a world like it—and did not write about; St. J. Perse has given, to what in Rimbaud was only an intuition of the tropics, all the weight of his own memories, the heat, the smells, the terrible dreams, the silence, and the black crowds shouting.

The translation is very successful.

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More Books of the Week

Labor Baron. James A. Wechsler. Morrow. $3.00.

THE STORY goes that Harold Laski, early in CIO history, met John L. Lewis, looked him in the eye and said, "Mr. Lewis, for twenty years I have been teaching my students that you represent the old, hopeless type of American labor leader, the corrupt racketeer who thinks only of his own power and lacks any progressive social vision. Now I have come back to America and my friends tell me you are the new Messiah. Was I wrong all those years? Or have you changed?"

Lewis talked for 30 minutes and didn't answer Laski's question. Now most of those who strewed palm leaves in the way—notably the communists, but also far more reasonable men—have returned to something more like Laski's original estimate. Lewis the Great Enigma: is he hero or heel? Step right up and try your luck. But first it might be a good idea if you read "Labor Baron" by James A. Wechsler.

Lest there be any misunderstanding, it should be noted here that Mr. Wechsler's new book is the best thing yet written on either Lewis or the CIO, that it is for the greater part as exciting as a novel and that Mr. Wechsler, a *PM* writer who is only 28, is to be warmly congratulated on his industry, wisdom and literary skill. It is really encouraging that in one year two labor books should be published that are as good as "Labor Baron" and Stolberg's "Tailor's Progress."

Mr. Wechsler, of course, doesn't think that John L. Lewis is either hero or heel, but a very complex character who is probably one of the most tragic might-have-beens of our generation. For there can be no underestimating the natural, and accumulated, equipment of "the complicated coal miner." Anyone who has seen him in action will tell you, no matter where he sits, that there indeed is a formidable man—physically, mentally, every which way.

It is Wechsler's well-proven conclusion that Lewis's fatal weakness is his consuming passion for power and all the trappings of spectacular success. This combined with a fabulously high opinion of himself and an often disastrously low opinion of other men. These qualities led, for example, to the great losing gamble of 1940 when he told his followers that he would step down as president of the CIO unless they voted for Wendell Willkie. They explain his failure to estimate objectively the communists' fickle love or the independent will of his old lieutenant, the gentle, conscientious Phil Murray.

Wechsler has much that is interesting to say of the break with Roosevelt. The most illuminating story is the one that goes: "In either late 1939 or early 1940 he outlined the plan to the President. Pointing out that they were the 'two most prominent men in the nation,' he contended they would make an invincible ticket. The President is said to have inquired whimsically: 'Which place will you take, John?'" Wechsler adds, "They did not see much of each other from that time on."

Today more Americans think Lewis is still president of the CIO than realize it is now Murray (something like 45 to 37 percent, according to Gallup). That is some measure of the impact Lewis has had on his fellow Americans. As recently as last year he set America on its ear with four separate strikes, not to mention those who followed his example. But it appears that Lewis is pretty

For the Seminarian and Clergy

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much washed up as a leader of any considerable segment of American labor. He has burned his bridges to both CIO and AFL, and he even faces a potentially tough fight to beat Ray Edmundson in the coming miners' election.

Wiser heads have counted Lewis out before, and he got up off the floor to swing some very dangerous haymakers. With a Republican in the White House, he might swing some more. But whatever the future, and whatever his motives in the past, historians will have to record that during the years 1935-40 John L. Lewis organized more workers and threw the fear of God into more "fat capitalists" than any one man in the history of American labor or American fat capitalism. And for that, with all his sins, we'll always remember him kindly.

JOHN C. CORT.

Chiang Kai-shek. H. H. Chang. Doubleday. $3.50.

FOR THE publisher to claim that "since 1937 Chiang Kai-shek has been the only man to whom the 400,000,000 of China have looked for leadership" is excessive, and actually misleading. It has never been true in all history that all Chinese have ever looked to any one group, for leadership. The Generalissimo has no doubt come closer to "leadership" in China than anyone else "since 1937," but even at that the Chungking régime is standing on the brink of collapse and China as a whole stands on the brink of disintegration. Consider President Roosevelt's very guarded statement on July 6 that China's situation in the war is "serious." Henry Wallace was sent to China because of it. He was sent as Vice-President, with all the prestige and influence that he, at that time, possessed. He was sent not only because the war is not going well in China, but because China's internal affairs are going worse. Wallace favors an arrangement with the Chinese communists—the Generalissimo's principal domestic antagonists. Aside from the obvious utility of building Chinese unity, the fact of his mission illuminates the equal fact that all "four hundred millions of China" do not look to the Generalissimo for leadership. Nor does Wang Chiang Wei's pro-Japanese régime in occupied China. Nor do many elements in the Chungking régime itself.

Bearing in mind a number of such essential and most "serious" facts, it does remain that Chiang Kai-shek, the Soong family, and Sun Yat Sen's family do come as close as anybody ever has to supplying an enlightened leadership, though it be one that we are not yet well set to build on. The book itself gives a good and fair account of his life. The author writes as a friend and a partisan. Personally, I would bank on Chiang rather than upon any other Chinese; but he is not a man of destiny unless we Americans help tremendously to shape it. And that, we are not doing. We lack the necessary understanding to do it.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

Molders of the Medieval Mind. Frank P. Cassidy. Herder. $2.00.

THIS is a book of not quite 200 pages which sets itself out to study the influence of patristic authors upon the thought of medieval scholasticism. The jacket indicates that it is "calculated to stimulate the reader's desire to acquire greater first-hand acquaintance with the Church Fathers." For that purpose, there is provided a sketch of the lives and works of some eighteen among them—from Saint Justin in the second to Saint John Damascene in the eighth century—with particular comment upon their pedagogical concepts. The whole is prefaced with a survey of Roman education and a chapter on the ideals and techniques of Christianity; it is brought to a close with a discussion of the patristic attitude toward the pagan classics. There is an index and a bibliography of eight pages.

Dr. Cassidy would be the first to concede that no attempt is made to delineate all the forces which entered the forming of the medieval mind. There is next to nothing about those that fashioned the law and the history and the science and the monasticism of the Middle Ages. One must judge the book, of course, on the basis of what it attempts; even then problems present themselves. For it contains little more than a summary of the writings of the eighteen authors. That is all very well, but it is hardly a tracing of the Fathers' influence upon the Schoolmen. And similar summaries are already available in our hand-books on patrology.

It is good that the essay calls attention to the many patristic texts done into English; good, too, that its analyses of the educational views of the Fathers are adequate. But one notes the absence of the standard studies. Benson and Koch have not been used for Cyprian, nor Lortz for Tertullian, nor Cadiou and deFaye for Origen. Most of all, it is unfortunate that Cochrane's "Christianity and Classical Culture" has not gone into the making of the chapter on that subject.

A man closes this book with the awareness that only the surface has been seen; the vast riches of the patristic period are still intact for him who would understand the molding of the medieval mind.

HENRY G. J. BECK.

Practical Farming for the South. Benjamin F. Bullock. North Carolina. $2.50.

THIS IS an altogether admirable book. Indeed it is in no sense restricted to the South in its usefulness. As anyone who has studied the isothermal lines on a map of the United States knows, our climate is by no means evenly hotter the further south you go, or colder the further north. Thus the climate of Long Island is, for agricultural purposes, substantially the same as that of great areas in the Southeast. Peanuts and sweet potatoes and even cotton can, in a favorable season, be brought to maturity on its eastern end. By the same token, agriculture in the upper regions of the Carolinas is not very different, as far as climate is concerned, from that in the colder parts of central New York and Pennsylvania. Hence Mr. Bullock's volume, which concentrates on the non-tropical areas of the South, has great practical value for almost anyone who wishes to farm within the borders of the United States. A few of his sections may be superfluous, but the vast bulk of what he writes will prove exceedingly useful.

Nowhere have I seen so large an amount of common sense advice on the subjects with which he deals. He covers gardening, the management of an orchard, field crops, and all the normal varieties of livestock thoroughly and in non-technical language. Of course, his book is primarily intended as a supplement to primary and secondary education in the Southern school system. Here it can certainly do a world of good. HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

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The Inner Forum

Catholic Education in India

THE JESUITS, the religious order which is pre-eminent in education in India, now conduct eight university colleges, a dozen seminaries and scholasticates, thirty-six high schools and thousands of elementary and grammar schools there. And in the current *Jesuit Missions,* Rev. Lourdu Yeddanapalli, S.J., contributes an informative summary of their objectives and accomplishment in that vast area where Catholics comprise somewhere around one percent of the people. Father Yeddanapalli, at present professor of chemistry at Canisius College in Buffalo, N. Y., is himself a product of that educational system. He comes from near Madras of a Hindu family which was converted by the Jesuits in the eighteenth century. He is a graduate of St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly, and undertook special chemistry studies at Calcutta, Louvain and Paris. He studied on a fellowship at Princeton, where he secured both master's and doctor's degrees in chemistry.

The objectives of the Jesuit educators in India are: "the formation of literate and educated Catholics with an intelligent grasp of their faith . . . the formation of a Catholic élite, which without education is impossible . . . the creation of an indigenous priesthood. In point of fact, of the 5,000 priests in India, over two-thirds are Indians. . . . St. Joseph's of Trichinopoly, the oldest of the Jesuit colleges in India, started as a small school in 1844 . . . [it] has given 700 vocations to the priesthood. . . ."

Although the larger proportion of the students in the Jesuits' grade and high schools are Catholics, the majority in the colleges and universities are non-Catholic—Hindu, Mohammedan and Parsee. "The high standard of moral and intellectual formation, and the brilliant successes in the university examinations draw to our colleges the brainy young men of the upper classes of the Indian society. . . . The colleges are playing a tremendously important rôle in the slow transformation of the Indian mind, disposing it to accept freely and completely the message of Christ when the adverse external circumstances connected with Christianity in India disappear and when the Indian mind reverts fully to its eternal religious quest."

CONTRIBUTORS

Don Luigi STURZO, founder of the Partito Popolare, at present represented in Italy by the Democratic Christian Party, is the author of many books and magazine articles.

Dorothy DONNELLY has contributed to *Transition;* her book, "The Bone and the Star," has just been published by Sheed and Ward. She lives in Ann Arbor, Mich.

John C. CORT was one of the founders of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists.

William Franklin SANDS has written a volume, "Our Jungle Diplomacy," to be published later in the year by the University of North Carolina Press.

Rev. Henry G. J. BECK is a member of the faculty of the Immaculate Conception Seminary, Darlington, N. J.

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